A ſigne of dignity, a gariſh flag,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries, God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow;
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For Queene, a very catife, crownd with care;
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice whel'd about.
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burdened yoake:
From which, euen here, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes will make me ſmile in *France*,
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare deaths happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe make the bad cauſe worſer,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes will make them ſharp, & pierce like mine
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Q. Windy atturnies to your clients woes,
Aiery ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of mi
Let them haue ſcope, though
Helpe not all, yet do they eaſe t
Dut. If ſo then be not toung-t
And in the breath of bitter wo
My damned ſonne, which thy
I heare his Drum, be copious
Enter King Richard, marc
and Trum
King. Who intercepts my exp
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue i
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſe
From all the ſlaughters wretch,
Qu. Haſt thou that forehead
Where ſhould be grauen, if th
The ſlaughter of the Prince tha
And the dire death of my two
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, wh
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, wh
And little *Ned* Plantagenet, his
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*
King. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtr
Let not the heauens heare the
Rayle on the Lords Anoynted,
Eyther be patient, and intreat
Or with the clamorous reports
Thus will I drownd your exclai
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my F
Dut. Then patiently heare my
King. Maddam I haue a touch
Which cannot b ooke the acce
Dut. I will be mild and gent
King. And briefe good moth
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie I ha
God knows in anguiſh, paine, a
King. And came I not at laſt
Dut. No by the h ly rood t
Thou camſt on earth, to make th

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